



The Korea Magazine

Editorial Board:

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CHATS WITH OUR READERS

“Four yen is a low price for the Magazine.”—A reader of every number.

. . .

“I have been reading THE KOREA MAGAZINE and I want my people in Australia to learn about Korea. Send it to them this year.”—A Miner in Korea.

. . .

Please send us the name and address of the friend you think would appreciate an opportunity of seeing a copy of The Korea Magazine. More than one will be gratified by that favor.

. . .

Libraries of the larger Universities are sending for the Magazine, and asking for all back numbers, and private individuals are finding the same course profitable. Every week increases the number.

. . .

It will not be possible for us to present to our readers articles on all the topics they may wish information, but it is a pleasure to us to receive suggestions both as to desirable papers and other means for making the Magazine of the most service to its constituency.

. . .

It is none too early to commence making your plans for a day at Songdo in June. Write to us about it, and if you have a preference as to date be sure and mention it. While it may not be possible to choose a day entirely satisfactory to all, we will try and get a day meeting the needs of the largest number.

. . .

In accord with the announcement of forthcoming articles on present-day development in Korea we this month print an illustrated article on one of the most modern industries, in a modern factory. The Chosen Leather and Shoe Manufacturing Company is a pioneer, has been successful, and its success is deserved.

. . .

Our sincere thanks are returned to the friends who have so kindly responded to our request for spare copies of any or all of the first three numbers of THE KOREA MAGAZINE for 1917. These will materially assist us, but we will gladly pay for still more copies if other friends will send them in and let us know the price wanted.

The Korea Magazine

APRIL, 1918

Editorial Notes.

THE coal situation is not greatly improved, except as the returning spring and warmer days lessens the demand for fuel. Briquettes are unobtainable, and the available supply of coal is largely dust, of poor quality, and abnormal price. We had hoped to be able to report good results from the efforts of the various Chambers of Commerce, but that report is delayed for a later issue, if it becomes at all possible to make it.

EXPERIMENTS have been made by Dr. Sawayanagi, president of the Imperial Educational Society of Japan, and he is reported to have stated that as a result of these experiments it seems to have been demonstrated that pupils entering school in September show superior mental growth as compared with those who enter in April. He asks the public to carefully study the question, and consider the advisability of changing the entire system of schools, so that all schools will open in the autumn instead of in the spring.

WHILE Korea has not actually suffered as yet by having cases of pneumonic plague within its borders, there is much disarrangement of business because of the near approach of the dread disease. No one will object to the use of any legitimate means for stamping out the plague, and stopping its further progress, no matter how much inconvenience there may be. All reports to hand indicate that wherever pneumonic plague develops the victims die. There are many brave heroes facing the horrors, and in time they will discover a method of relief.

OVER 10,000 purchasers attended the vegetable market opened by the Prefectural authorities in Tokyo, and during the first day there was much confusion; but the sales amounted to more than 1,600 yen, and the profits were 560 yen, a saving to the people, the producers, and the municipality. Other public markets will be established, and it is thought that control of the price of rice can be gained in the same way.

MODERN MANUFACTURING IN KOREA.

Some very great surprises are in store for the one who has thought of Korea as the most backward of countries, with people absolutely lacking in knowledge of machinery, without initiative, and with no opportunity for the development of mental ability or manual skill.

A representative of THE KOREA MAGAZINE recently had the privilege of inspecting the works of the Chosen Leather and Shoe Manufacturing Company at Yong Dong Po, across the Han river from Seoul, and a very lively suburb.

For years there has been a brisk trade in Korean cattle with Vladivostock as one of the large receiving stations, and there has been some demand from Japan, but it remained for a few business men with a little ready capital to grasp the possibilities of an up-to-date tannery and leather manufactory, to utilize not only the hides of the superior Korean cattle, but also the oak bark and tannin produced in Korea, together with the many by-products incidentally produced.

In 1911 a stock company was formed with a capital of 20,000 50-yen shares, of which 60% or 600,000 yen has been paid in.

The plant now covers an area of 16 acres, nearly all the buildings being one-story structures, designed each for its particular purpose.

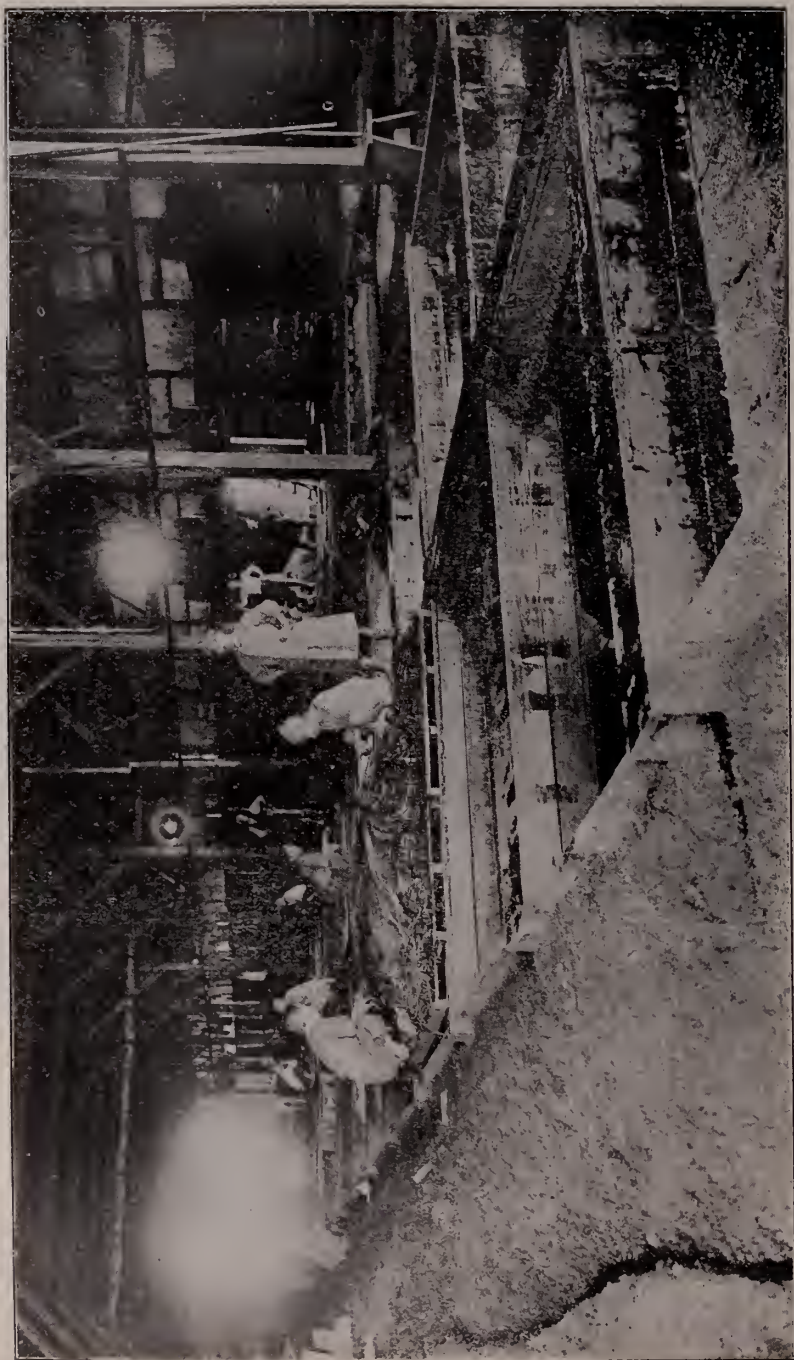
Mr. N. Kada is president of the company, a resident, and



CHOSEN LEATHER AND SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

ABOVE: GENERAL VIEW OF WORKS.

BELOW: OFFICERS, EXPERTS AND EMPLOYEES.



TANNING VATS.

gives the business his direct personal attention. Mr. H. Sawatari is the Chief Expert, and one of the directors, with training abroad, while the adviser is Mr. K. Kada, all of them directly interested in making the business a success.

There has been a steady growth, and in addition to the main office and works at Yong Dong Po there is an Agency at Tientsin, China, a Sales Office in Seoul, in charge of Mr. S. Kawabata, a courteous gentleman who has traveled extensively in Europe and America, and who is just now establishing a branch Agency in Manchuria to look after the development of business in that field.

No government subsidy or assistance of any kind has been required, but business sagacity in open competition with other firms has secured profitable contracts both from the Russian government and the military authorities in Chosen, these contracts being chiefly for military boots, shoes, and knapsacks. In three years goods valued at over 6,000,000 yen were manufactured and delivered to the Russian government alone, besides largely supplying the needs of the men in the army barracks in this country.

To secure work of this kind it is necessary to fully meet every requirement of minute and definite specifications as to quality of hides; methods of tanning; kinds of thread, tacks, nails and buckles to be used; shape, size, quality and quantity of finished goods; size and quality of packing boxes; all subject to thorough inspection of qualified men anxious to find flaws.

Many of the finest leathers are produced, from the heaviest sole leather to the fine soft black leathers for the upper parts of ladies' shoes.

While hides produced in Korea are large when compared with those from other countries, they have a peculiar quality not often found elsewhere. The heavy cross-bar resting on the neck of the Korean ox doing heavy work causes a material thickening of the hide at that particular place, and that has to be reckoned with and taken care of in preparing the hides for use.

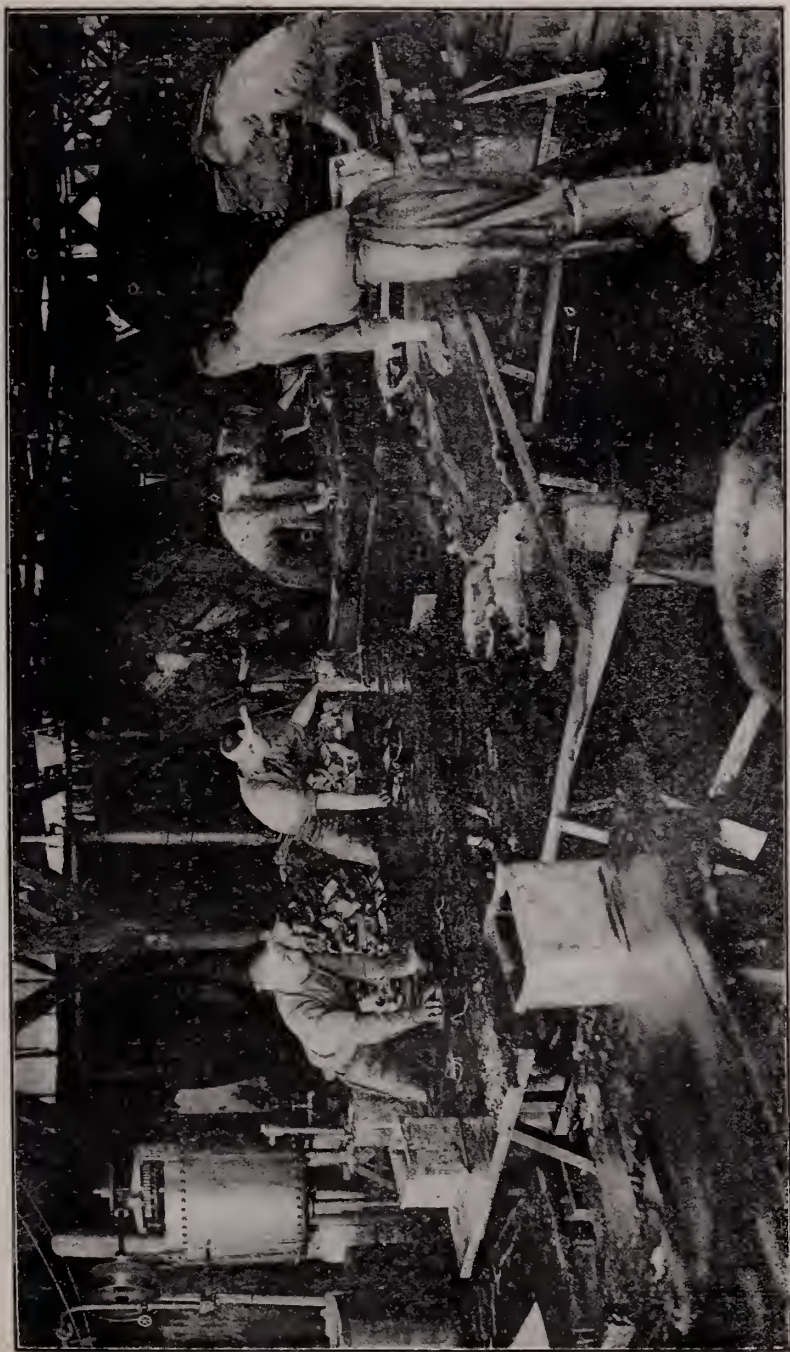
The number of employes varies from seven hundreded to

seventeen hundred, according to the urgency of contracts, Koreans being usually about nine tenths of the total number employed, most of the officers and foremen being Japanese, but with positions open for Koreans as rapidly as they become qualified to fill them. Most of the Japanese employes live in dormitories provided by the management, while nearly all the Korean employes come from their own homes in the village, sometimes several members of the same family being employed in the works. Korean married women make up about fifteen per cent of the total Korean employes, and Japanese women about six per cent of Japanese employes.

Heretofore the Company has relied entirely on securing a sufficient supply of hides from Korean producers, but recently a start has been made toward securing a herd of cattle, which will insure a steadier supply of hides, and incidentally assist Koreans in getting a better grade of cattle. The Company is a constant purchaser of the cattle hides produced all over Korea, and has largely increased the direct cash payments to Koreans for hides, and has opened a market for oak bark for which there had been no previous demand. At the beginning it was difficult to get any of the raw materials in sufficient quantity, and even yet it is necessary to import some of the tanning materials from the United States and from South America and India.

All markets have been investigated in order to secure the best and most modern machinery, as evidenced by machines for even the most difficult processes, and especially a series of five large machines each with a gas jet for heating specially prepared glued thread for stitching wear-proof and waterproof military boots. A producer gas plant manufactures the gas just as required for these machines, while electric lights and some power are supplied by the Seoul Gas and Electric Company.

Ample precautions against fire are taken by the installation of water mains and hydrants. Only one fire of any consequence has occurred, this being at night, in the drying room, and then the flames were speedily extinguished, with but slight loss to stock only.



SCOURING THE HIDES.



MAKING MILITARY BOOTS.

Another evidence that this Company is thoroughly modern is the installation of a specially-built furnace for the utilization of waste material, and now part of the power is supplied by steam produced from the furnace fires kept going by waste from the tanning vats.

Nothing is allowed to go to waste. Large quantities of fertilizer are produced, and a use is found for even the small parings and scrapings from the leather as it passes through its various processes. Just now a Seoul inventor has perfected a machine for weaving cloth from hair, using materials provided by this Company, and its resourcefulness in getting a profit out of the by-products seems to be as great as that of the Chicago packers who have succeeded in canning the "squeal" and sending it to the East for the delectation of waiting thousands.

It has not been the intention of the Company to exploit the people and make abnormal profits. At the beginning there were no dividends, and they never have exceeded 13%, but there has been a constant effort to safeguard the investment by providing a good healthy reserve, which now amounts to ₩441,475, according to the last published report.

Great credit should be given for the development of Korean resources, and providing profitable employment for hundreds of Korean men and women not only directly connected with the factory but scattered all up and down the hills and the valleys of Chosen.

THE NEW KOREAN DOCTOR.

We are not one of those who think that the old Korean doctor was wholly a failure, or that there is nothing whatever in his pharmacopoeia that has ministered to Asia for all these centuries. Quite the reverse, the doctor of the Chinese school has done much for his people, and long ages of experiment have taught him the use of valuable herbs and drugs for the alleviation of human ills and pains. The line of reason that

connects the drug with the ailment may perhaps be open to question, or even seem from a Western point of view most ridiculously absurd. Results, however, are what are wanted, and while there were, as there are in the West, lamentable failures on the part of practitioners, there were also great and good results from their ministrations.

Still with all due regard for the attainments of East Asia in the field of medicine and surgery, we will have to admit that modern medicine is in most respects superior and must bring unlimited blessing to such teeming populations as these.

An argument that any layman can see and understand is the fact that horrible epidemics in the West that used to come like Jerusalem grasshoppers, all of a sudden, darkening the sky, and carrying off their human prey by the tens and hundreds of thousands have ceased to be. Cholera, typhus, small-pox, plague and a host of smaller fry, ever lurking in filthy holes and corners ready to leap forth and reduce the world to blinding tears, once had their day in the Western world. Out they came when least expected, and on to young and old they pitched scattering the dying and dead all about, till medicine finally tightened its belt and said, "By the God that made me I'll smite this beast hip and thigh or die in the effort." It was a brave and valiant venture. No knights of old ever merited the applause of their fellows more than these medical men, who, counting life but a little thing, stepped forth to down this brood of evil that has preyed upon humanity for six thousand years. These valiant ones died many deaths so that all along their "western front" we find scattered the graves of these who gave their life, scalpel in hand, with vial and stethoscope, faithful to the last.

The fight has been won again and again till small-pox is gone from the West, and cholera does not dare to show its head. Yellow fever, after a lively tussle, was kicked out, bag and baggage, from Cuba and the whole region of the Canal Zone where it had held high-jinks since the days of Balboa.

Black-plague, that more than once picknicked across Europe, aided by devils, rats and marmots, dares not squeak, lest some hawk-eyed Esculapius be upon it with gas, or bomb,

to blow it into oblivion. Back to the Gobi Desert it goes, or into the steppes of Asia or some forgotten corner where no modern doctor has ever been heard tell of.

These are among the greatest victories of earth. V. C.'s and D. S. O.'s are not sufficient to express the gratitude we should feel for these knights of a modern age who have died to save helpless humanity from such unwonted woes. Looked at broadly from these lines, Oriental medicine will have to yield the palm to Western science.

Into this world has been and is being introduced a company of the brightest young men that Korea has to offer. Trained according to the laws that not only know how to administer relief to the suffering, but, best of all, know how to safeguard and protect the sound and well, they are going out to all parts of the land. Graduates from the Government School and from Severance are to be found to-day in towns like Kapsan and Samsoo, far off places on the rim of the world.

Scattered over the land are these men carrying a kindly manner, a fund of useful knowledge, an appreciation of neatness that must be of untold service to the untutored folk of the more remote parts of the country.

One thinks of the many ways by which they become a help and blessing to the people among whom they go.

Let us think of the world of little children. Judging by a passing look the East, in days gone by, seemingly got on very well without any need of help in this department if we reckon up the millions of their generations that have come and gone. A clearer examination, however, will tell another story. The writer sees still in mind the wondering little faces that looked at his first arrival, marked and pitted and robbed of all the freshness and beauty of the child's young face by the demon small-pox. To-day this fiend is gone and the generation of children smile at your inquiry and show the little mark on the arm that forbids his approach. He used to be a great and awful ogre that needed cajoling and petting and what not, like some horrible Polyphemus ready to devour the whole earth. But the young doctor scares him away as does the lamplight a brood of bats.

Then there are scarlet fever and measles, and other epidemics that the old East could not handle. All their knowledge of the Five Elements, or the Four Seas, or the Three Powers of Nature, or the Two Primary Essences or the T'aigeuk itself, stood helpless before these onslaughts upon the little children. Beneath a gaze of helpless fatalism went this beloved procession off into the shadows. Now, with the coming of the young doctor a new era has dawned, for while he cannot save all the children, he can safeguard and segregate them, and tell parents what to do, so that he becomes a veritable messenger of light to these far-off peoples.

Then again there is the old question of motherhood. Surely the East knows all about that for what part of the world has ever seen so many mothers? Still the simplest lessons of life are ever the hardest to learn, and motherhood remains to-day largely a mystery throughout this great Asiatic continent. In most cases all goes well, but it is just that last and fated case where nature finds itself criss-cross and the mother prepares to die a dreadful lingering death. Suddenly the young doctor makes his appearance. With coat off and sleeves rolled up he sets to work in a way that makes the East lift up its hands in holy horror. He is master, however, for the time being and takes no vague suggestions. His is the determined purpose to see the case through and save life. By evening time as so often happens, the mother is safe, a little child is born into the world and Kim's home rises from the dead.

It would be an endless story though a most grateful one to tell of all the ways and means by which these young doctors are agents for comfort and safety in the world where their lot is cast.

Without belittling in any way the good things that find their place in the old world of medicine, we can say that the young Korean doctor has a whole realm his very own in which he is master, a knight of the modern age.

We think of him as one of the best blessings that the Twentieth Century has brought to Korea. May God bless him and attend his footsteps ever.

SPECATOR.

THE KOREAN LANGUAGE.

Bishop Harris' advice to students of Japanese to learn words is equally applicable to Korea. The dearth of nouns in the soul accounts for nine-tenths of the barrenness of speech that attends the foreigner's way.

The question of nouns seems more difficult than that of verbs, for a few verbs and adverbs go a long way, while a noun does work only within a very narrow sphere.

Speech, too, is changing constantly, with fresh nouns from the munitions factory pouring in in close formation like tidal waves.

A friend inquired "I don't understand that *chuk* and *sang* that you wrote about in the July Magazine. What does *chuk* mean anyhow? Chuck it out I say."

**성경을 문학덕으로보면 일기척이오 신령덕으로보면하느님의
말씀이오**

If we regard the Bible from a literary point of view it is merely a book; but if from a spiritual point of view it is God's Word.

그사름은경치덕소상이만혼자요

He is a man of many ideas concerning government.

이세상은물질덕지명뿐이라

This world's civilization is purely materialistic.

가급덕슈단으로치료하엿소

He treated him to the best of his skill.

Chuk in combination with its noun forms an adjective.

Put the **으로** to it and it becomes adverbial.

However, nouns were the question on hand. Supposing you were suddenly ushered into a company of people talking finance, how many words would you understand?

One man asks **일년동안슈입슈출이얼마나될닛가** What does he mean?

Another says **지정출납이리우만흠데다** Could this be translated *Business was very lively?*

날마다시세가올났다써리졌다호오

Every day's report shows that exchange rises and falls.

Does this translation cover all possible meanings?

What does this sentence mean? **금의총수가얼마나되느냐**

Translate:

What are his assets, what his liabilities?

Do you keep a debit and credit account?

What are the receipts for the day?

기본금업은학교는부실호오

각은행에적립호였소

상당흔돈이잇서야평안히지냈니다

The student should mark down a list of nouns that are commonly used in keeping accounts. In whatever walk of life he may be, he constantly needs to have a few of these on hand so that they are ready for immediate use when called for.

J. S. GALE.

TO-WUN, PEACH GARDEN OR FAIRY'S PARADISE.

Two hundred and thirteen years before Christ the first so-called Emperor of China, Chin-si, built the Great Wall that still elicits the wonder and admiration of the passing tourist. To do this he had his General, Mong Nyum, whip into line hundreds of thousands of unwilling subjects to cut and carry and bake and build bricks and stones that would have done honor to the Pyramids.

This kind of forced labour went beyond the ordinary Chinese patience of soul and deserters sloughed off in all directions, some coming to Korea by way of the South Sea where they set up the kingdom of Chin-han near the site of the later kingdom of Silla.

Another group supposed to have come in by the north

found a place called *To-wun*, the Peach Orchard, known to future generations as the Fairy's Paradise. People who were fortunate enough to find this place discovered a world free from care. All the annoyances of debt and poverty, and cold, and stinted fare were gone and every wish of the heart found ready fulfilment.

So happy they were that they did not wish others to come in and mar their joy. We are told that they planted peaches out beyond the ordinary bounds of the way and the limits of the state in order to throw possible seekers off the scent.

Here they lived in a world quite unique, Sir Thomas More's Utopia set to Oriental music—the world of the fairy.

Was it the Diamond Mountains, we wonder?

Chin Wah a noted poet who was living in 1200 A. D., a friend and compatriot of Yi Kyoo-bo wrote of this *To-wun* as follows:

"The tangled grasses with the horny tips point me the way off to the east amid the smoky blue, where fairy flowers encircle all the world.

"This is the place where refuge found its hold against the rough compulsion of King Chin-si's day, the fairy's choicest garden is its name.

"Fresh limpid streams enclose it round and round, its land is rich, its waters fresh and clear.

"Red fluffy dogs wake to its day and bark when clouds go by.

"The blooming flowers kissed by the passing breeze, drop one by one and cover deep its sward.

"We planted peaches out beyond the road to throw men off the scent and keep the world away. And now we talk of things that happened ere the state was burned and all its sacred books.

"We watch the grass and trees to tell how time goes by and seasons of the year. We laugh as with our children we forget the past and think not of the days to come.

"Sometimes a fisher wanders in and sees our joy and goes to call his kind but later finds the way confused and hopeless never sees our world again.

"Have you not heard of Kang-nam with its bamboo gates and hedges wreathed in flowers, its silver streams that ceaseless flow beneath the moon, its quiet groves where chirp the little birds? But even there the world finds life a trial and labour toils and food is spare. The agents of the state with bamboo thongs beat hard upon the door and ask that tax be paid. If these did not exist the whole wide world might be a garden fair.

"May this my song be sweet, forget it not but write it out in every record of the state, and let your children and your children's children see and hear."

THE OFFER OF THE FAIRY.

BY

YI SAIK (1328-1395 A. D.)

A fairy comes to sell me herbs, and hangs his gourd before my market square. He points me to the Pong-nai Hills that lie off in the misty east. "If you could only quench those greedy fires," said he, "you'd be a champion knight above the dragon. I'll teach you from my book the Chung-ok-kyul and give you of the fairy's 'moonlight gem,' and then the lusts of earth and empty show you'll leave long miles behind, and sing us songs of loftiest cheer. You'll climb the early heights of T'ai-san and behold the round disc of the sea. You will bend down and read the footprints of the past, and gaze upon the markings of the land. You'll know that all things pass as in a dream; that victory and defeat are but the squares upon the checker-board. The sun and moon are wheels that run so fast, but you'll not fear how time may go. So far above the world you'll be of human thought and mortal strife. The changeless pine upon the river brink are you, while worldly men are but the reeds that fade. God holds creation in his mighty grasp, none but the fairy can escape his hold. If you but once share in this magic draught, you'll ride the crane and sail the cloud-lit sky."

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE:

Yi Saik, better known as Master Mok-eun, is one of the greatest lights of Korean literature. By many scholars he is regarded as their one high chieftain.

His collected works are not easily obtainable. The writer has seen only one set, and that was marked 35 yen. He offered 28 but failed to get it.

Yi Saik was a Confucianist of the most orthodox type, and yet he deals frequently, as in this letter, with the thoughts and teachings of the fairy (Taoism).

Pong-nai as mentioned here is the fabled land of the East where beautiful and sinless immortals are said to dwell. While Korea in old days knew nothing of Europe and little of Asia, she had talked familiarly for a thousand years of Pong-nai, where you may eat the fruits of the fairy and enjoy unending bliss.

The Chung-ok-kyul or Book of Blue Jade is one of the sacred writings of the fairy or genii that tells how immortality may be won, so the "moonlight gem" is another name for their elixir of life.

One reads through this poem those longings after immortality seen so frequently in the long round of Korean literature.

THE SCHOOLS OF SEOUL.

PRIMARY EDUCATION FOR JAPANESE CHILDREN.

Every Japanese child, girl or boy, is required to enter the Primary School (Chinjo Sho Gakko) at the beginning of the school year after becoming 6 full years old, and to finish the 6 year course.

After this, there is a further course of two years in the High Primary School (Koto Sho Gakko) which may be taken or not, at the discretion of the parents, but the first 6 years is compulsory. In Japan Proper, it is sometimes necessary to really compel parents to send their children, but in Seoul, at least, this is not the case, though in some instances poverty has made it advisable to "forgive" the payment of tuition.

Students from outside Seoul, who have no school facilities in their own towns, attend the Seoul schools. Those in the Primary Grade travel free on the trains, those in the Higher primary pay a Yen each month for a student's ticket. All pay 20 sen more than the regular tuition, to offset the fact that their parents pay nothing for the support of the school.

Including Ryuzan, there are 8 Primary schools. Three of them have also Higher Primary schools; one is for boys alone, one for girls alone, and one (at Ryuzan) for girls and boys. In the First and Second years of the Primary Grades, boys and girls are in the same division; in the higher grades, they are in separate divisions, but the course is the same in the first 5 years. In the two higher years, girls have sewing and boys carpenter-work, and girls are not given the Commercial Course.

The present enrollment is 3556 boys and 3343 girls in the Primary, and 447 boys and 252 girls in the Higher Primary. The total Japanese population of Seoul is 66,565, in 17,578 households, so the children of Primary School age (6 years to 12) are about 10 per cent of the population, or 2 to every 5 households. The entering class for 1918 will be about 1500.

The oldest school for Japanese children in the city was founded in the 22nd year of Meiji (1889) and the second, at Ryuzan, in 1905. Another was opened in 1908, one in 1910, two in 1911, one each in 1914 and 1917, while another is planned for 1919.

Most of the expense of these schools is borne by the Japanese School Association of Seoul. Similar Associations in other centers maintain schools also. All of them are Public Schools, and conducted by the Government, and all aim to give the same education that children receive in Japan Proper.

Every Japanese in the city belongs to this Association, and every household is assessed annually for the school fund. The amount is divided in 40 grades, from ¥940.00 down to ¥1.00. One name only appears on the list opposite the highest amount, while there are 2,479 of the one yen class. His Excellency the Governor-General is in the tenth class, at ¥300.00. Payment is made quarterly, and the collection is made just like the collection of taxes. The Prefect of Seoul is *ex-officio* Administrator of the Association.

For the current year the total is estimated at ¥156,540, making an average per household of a little less than nine yen. The fund is aided by the Government to the amount of over 25,000 yen, and also receives all penalties paid for delin-

quent taxes. In addition to this there are other receipts, and Tuition, at 40 sen per month for the Primary and twice that for the Higher Primary, brings in over ¥25,000 more. The total for last year was ¥274,278, of which ¥172,685 was expended on the 8 Primary and 3 Higher Primary Schools (an average of about ¥22.70 per pupil. The balance went for the Girls' Higher School, the Kindergarten, and night classes.

After completing the required 6 years, the brightest boys sometimes pass directly into the Academy, from which they go to Government employ, or to one of the Colleges in Chosen or to Japan Proper for further study. Others take one year of the Higher Primary, and then enter the Academy, and many take both years of the Higher Primary, then going into business, or into some other school, often a technical one. In the Higher Primary there is a Commercial Course, which substitutes for Manual Training either English or Korean. This last is the only important difference from the course in Japan Proper, and from the number taking it, seems popular. It is certainly a wise provision for young men who will be going into business in Chosen.

As a typical school, the writer visited the one inside the West Gate, in the grounds formerly belonging to the French Legation. This enrolls, in both departments, 1030 students, and will graduate about 120 each from the Higher Primary and the Primary, and will take in 150 in each next month.

There are 18 divisions of the 6 grades, approximating 60 in a division, and 22 teachers, aside from clerks and office force, and Principal.

Analysis of the student body shows that over one-half are the children of officials, about one-fourth scattered in various walks of life, with a few farmers, and one lone fisherman.

The exhibition of pupils' work was not complete, but what had been gathered showed great promise, particularly the drawing and writing (Japanese) of the lowest grades. The Carpenter Shop was a delightful place, and is popular (deservedly) with the boys. They have 2 periods a week, one following immediately after the other, and this way, get real work done. Picture-frames of excellent design and admirable finish

were being made, and on the wall was a working drawing of the dust-pan a lower grade was to make, with samples of the various parts, and of the completed work. The highest grade have finished a good book-case, foreign style, in oak, well waxed, and of a general finish that would do credit to boys much over 14 years in America.

The credit for most of the statistics in this, and other papers of this series, belongs to Mr. K. H. Yu clerk in the Educational Department of the Seoul Prefectural Office. He is described by Mr. Oyama, the Secretary for Education in that office, as "our encyclopedia" and the title is a fitting one. His accurate and full knowledge of all the school affairs of the city, and his untiring help in gathering the needed figures, make possible a fairly accurate and full presentation of conditions in Seoul today, that without such assistance would be out of the question. It is also fair to say that though the writer's scanty knowledge of Japanese must be a matter of irritation to those with whom he tries to talk, he has found the visits to various schools involved in preparing the articles, uniformly pleasant, and has always found the school authorities ready to answer any questions, or to give any amount of time to showing him through.

E. W. KOONS.

THE SI-CH'UN AND CH'UN-DO CHURCHES.

(TONG-HAK).

NOTE :—The material from which this article is gathered was kindly given to the writer by representatives of these two religious sects, so it may be depended on as correct from their point of view.

Among the many inventions of the day in which we live, and move, and have our being, one of the most peculiar is that of a new religion. And yet here we have it in the Ch'un-do and Si-ch'un Churches, two branches of the same cult.

It has been in existence just fifty-four years and they have now over two hundred places of meeting, in each of which there are at least one hundred houses of believers, so reads the report.

The Founder, First Patriarch, or Saviour (Che-se-joo) as his title reads was a certain Ch'oi Che-oo born near Kyung-joo in Kyung-sang Province in 1824.

We are told that at his birth the sunlight came into his mother's bosom, soft perfumes filled the air, and the Ku-mi Hills that looked on, murmured their expressions of wonder.

In the year 1860, when he was 36 years of age, Ch'oi fell into a trance and heard God speaking to him, "Fear not," said he, "the people of the world know me as Sangje. I am he."

"For myriads of years I have found no way to save the lost till now I send you forth to teach the law. Receive the charm I give you; cure sickness; take my formula and tell men how to serve me. By doing so you will live long and bring blessing to mankind."

Herewith God wrote out the charm such as they use today. In form it looks like greatly elaborated seal characters full of symbolic representations.

Ch'oi called his son to have him read what had been written, but the son said "I see nothing," while Ch'oi himself could read from it a perfect law for the universe. Its message will be given later.

God spoke again, "My heart is one with yours. Take this teaching, write it out, and bring blessing to mankind through unending ages."

He also gave him the formula by which the truth could be remembered:

Si-ch'un-joo, cho-wha-jung, yung-se-pool-mang, man-sa-ji.

(Wait thou on God, Master of Creation, Forget Him not, All things are done through Him).

Many signs and wonders accompanied this remarkable man's way. Once he rode fifty *li* through a howling tempest, the sunlight playing on him all the while and protecting him from every drop of rain, while around, the world was deluged. He crossed a flooded river on horseback, the animal scarcely wet above the fetlocks.

His eyes flashed unearthly fires, so that evil men dropped on their knees before him and confessed their faults. Lights

encircled his head and shot their streamers up into the sky, which, people seeing, bowed before in wonder. As he read the sacred words, angels of the night come out to listen. Virtue went forth from him so that the dead arose at his touch.

He has left three written works, *Po-tuk-moon* (Explanation of Virtue), *Non-hak-moon* (Discourse on Learning) and *Yoo-sa* (Final Words).

In his day Confucianism being the state religion, anyone not a Confucianist was regarded as a heretic. Christianity too, had been introduced by the French priests and was known to the people as Su-hak or the Western Religion.

When the persecution of the Christians broke out Ch'oi was arrested as well, charged with their heresy and beheaded in Taiku on the 10th day of the 1st moon, 1864.

After witnessing other signs and wonders that gave proof of his divine mission, his followers buried his body before Dragon Lake, by the Ku-mi Mountain of Kyung-joo.

The Second Patriarch, known also as a Master of the Great Spirit (*Tai-sin-sa*) was born near Kyung-joo as well, in 1827. His name was Ch'oi Si-hyung. For convenience sake we shall call him Ch'oi II.

In 1861 he came into touch with the Founder, Ch'oi I, and received his baptismal name *Hai-wul*, Sea-Moon.

One of the wonderful signs that accompanied his way, was the fact that a half bowl of oil served for light, and outlasted twenty-one nights that he spent in meditation and repeating the form *Si-ch'un-joo, cho-wha-jung*, etc.

He was ordained on the 14th day of the 8th Moon in 1863, "at the hands of the Saviour," and thus the Tong-hak religion came fixedly into being.

The First Patriarch gave his successor the four characters that are found still to-day written on the fantastic charm used by the Tong-haks, *Soo-sim chung-keui*, Make right the heart, put straight the soul.

As Christianity, or the Su-hak had been persecuted, so persecution now began against the Tong-haks that increased in intensity every day. Finally the teacher had to make his escape and hide among the hills.

For twenty years this Ch'oi II travelled about through the mountainous parts of Korea preaching his strange unheard of religion.

In the year 1893 when he was 66 years of age he sent his disciple Kim Kwi-am with a large following to Seoul to lay a petition before the King telling him how unjustly "the Saviour of the world," Ch'oi I had been beheaded, and asking that all restrictions be removed from their propaganda. They knelt before the palace gates and continued kneeling till they won their wish.

This did not change the minds of the country officials however, who were opposed to the Tong-haks, and once again Ch'oi II had to make his escape and fly for his life.

About this time an official secretary of Chulla Province, Chun Pong-joon, known popularly as Green Beans (*Nok-too*), in revenge for the death of his father who had been beheaded by the Governor, Cho Pyung-gap, raised an insurrection and had the oppressed Tong-haks join him. They did so, determined in mind to do away with the existing government and drive out all foreigners and Japanese from the country. Great confusion resulted. The soldiers of the state were sent to put them down, but were stoutly resisted, and for two years the Tong-haks more than held their own.

An old Korean friend tried to impress upon the writer the theory that the Tong-haks were the cause of the world's catastrophe to-day. They brought on the China-Japan War, the results of which were the underlying causes of the Japan-Russia War. The weakness of Russia as evidenced by that conflict encouraged Germany to set the world afire in 1914. "Hence accordingly," said he, "the Tong-haks of Korea are the dim, distant cause of Europe's pain to-day."

Be this as it may, the teacher, Ch'oi II, was greatly disturbed over the confusion that existed between his true followers and the supposed rebels. From his retreat in the Kang-wun Mountains he sent word everywhere to warn his people against any part in the uprising, but this failed to deliver his own soul from suspicion and he was finally taken a Wun-joo in 1898 and beheaded in the Seoul prison.

The division between the Ch'un-do Kyo and the Si-ch'un begins at this point, the Ch'un-do Kyo claiming that Son Pyung-heui is the rightful successor and the Third Patriarch, while the Si-ch'un people call Kim Kwi-am Tai-joo, or Great Lord.

Among their teachings are sentences like the following:

"There is a spirit in man possessing him which is God."

"Since God dwells within you, think of Him as near at hand and not far away."

"In order to hold to this realization," say they, "repeat this formula at all times and in all places: *Si-ch'un-joo, cho-wa-jung, yung-se-pool-mang, man-sa-ji* Wait thou on God, Master of Creation, Forget Him not, All things are done through Him."

Every night at nine o'clock as they say their prayers they offer a glass of water as a symbolic sacrifice.

Evening and morning too, when rice is prepared, one spoonful is set aside as an offering for each member of the family.

Sunday is observed as a day of worship, prayer is made to God and the Teachers, after which instruction is given.

One exhortation runs thus: "When you eat, or when you work; when you wake, or when you sleep, whatever you do, think of God and the Teachers, and offer your vows and prayers."

Among the twenty-one sentences on the charm appear the following:

"Keep the heart, guard the soul."

"If His endless spirit be upon you all is well."

"By virtue of the waters of Heaven and Earth He heals."

"The Holy Saviour of the Sea and Moon saves the sick."

"Trust the returning waters with your soul."

They observe certain holy days, as when the Patriarchs received the truth, when they were ordained, and when they died.

Their association is thoroughly well organized, well financed, and well established throughout the country.

Ch'oi I, Che-oo, the First Patriarch (Il Cho), Great Spirit Teacher (Tai-sin-sa) is popularly known among his followers as Che-se-joo, Saviour of the World.

Ch'oi II, Si-hyung, is known as Hai-wul Sun-saing (Teacher Sea-moon) the Second Patriarch.

Their original church is in Chun-dong, modelled in style of architecture after the Cathedral. Here they meet for worship. Other meeting places they have in An-dong and Ke-dong, the northern part of the city.

A year and more ago they purchased the property of Marquis Pak Yong-hyo outside the East Gate and here they have one of their headquarters.

The two names Si-ch'un and Ch'un-do mean respectively, according to old Oriental renderings, Waiting on God, and The Divine Way.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

STUDIES IN JAPANESE BUDDHISM, The Macmillan Co., New York 1917.

BY A. F. REISCHAUER.

This very instructive book is based on a series of lectures offered by New York University upon the foundation known as the Charles F. Deems Lectureship of Philosophy.

It is interesting to know that Dr. Reischauer is the youngest lecturer who has taken part in this course, though the subject he deals with be so old.

This is one of the books, alas too few, that help to open to our wider vision this mystery of all the mysteries of East Asia — Buddhism. Its mental world, spiritual world, the world that is superior to the material interests of the day, this chiefest of all worlds where the soul lives and moves and has its being, is the theme of the author.

He touches in a very interesting way upon India's pre-Buddhist history, giving the setting from which Gautama's system sprung, the philosophic conceptions of that day, and showing how Buddha and Brahma came face to face.

Somewhat sparingly he refers to the rise of Mahayana Buddhism. As a contrast to those students who would see in temples, monks and nuns, sacred books, rosaries, celibacy, different denominations, the swastika cross, the Trinity of Amida, Tai-se-ji and Kwannon, prayers in an unknown tongue, images, robes, Ashvagoshā's book on Faith and what not, an indubitable reflection of Christianity, Dr. Reischauer is

very slow to draw any such large conclusion. He holds the safer view for the student who would investigate these mysteries impartially.

The writer feels, however, that the author with his intimate knowledge of the subject in general, could give us more light still on this very interesting and surprising coincidence.

He takes up the development of Buddhism in Japan, the main theme of the book, and one of special interest to us now in Korea. Japan, in fact, is the only country where Mahayana, or reformed Buddhism can be said to be alive.

He throws much light on the great question of Amida. "Shinran," says he, "taught salvation through faith in the Name of Buddha Amida, and rejected the old way of salvation through one's wisdom and virtue."

Again he says, "Most Amadaists regard Gautama as simply the great teacher and not the Buddha to be worshipped. In this a wide possibility of separation is seen between the one worshipped, and the misty historical character Siddheartha."

On page 246 Dr. Reischauer gives a very striking statement of a very ignorant old woman as to how she interprets Amida.

In speaking of Nirvana the author says that "in recent years" there has been a reaction against the Nirvana of non-existence in favour of the view that it means an entrance to a life of bliss. This raises a question as to when this view first came into being. In a *Life of the Buddha* such as Koreans read, based on ancient records, we find passages like this, "They went up to the abodes of bliss, a realm of precious treasure and beautiful flowers, where fairy children, decked in blossoms and buds, gathered in happy companies. Cassia trees bloomed in beauty, while phoenix birds and peacocks graced the scene with their happy flight. It was indeed a world of angelic light, and joy unspeakable."

His chapter on Salvation gives an account of the journey through the Ten Worlds, from that of Hell to the estate of the Buddha.

In trying to touch the salient features of the book, one finds its range of compass so wide that he knows not what to select.

What has Buddhism in it that will be able to survive its clash with modern thought? This also is taken up and discussed from the point of view of the expert. The author being professor of philosophy is admirably equipped to deal with this great subject. Sometimes it taxes the mere layman to follow him.

Among the 'nuggets' from the Buddha, that he mentions, is the following, "Peace of mind, and understanding of the Way, are both born of goodness. Goodness is a great armour which fears no weapon."

Every student of Buddhism and of the Far East will be anxious to read this book.

In a second edition, a list of names with the Chinese characters added for explanation would be appreciated.

J. S. G.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

1st/15 Queen's Regiment,
Baird Barracks,

Bangalore, India,
January 29, 1918.

To the Editor of the KOREA MAGAZINE,

Dear Sir:—

A friend in Dalny who has kindly kept me in touch with matters Chinese, since I enlisted two years and more ago, has sent me two issues of your Magazine.

May I as an old "occ." contributor to London journals be allowed to express my keen appreciation of your articles?

The Choon Yang is real literature of a meritoriousness that is worthy of Fiona McLeod at his best.

May I ask, since it has so deeply interested me, and it is difficult from the Magazine's 'contents' to discover the source of your contributions, whether your articles are all translations from the Chinese, or partly so, or contributed by authors born outside of Chinese jurisdiction, particularly in the case of the Choon Yang story? If this last is of Chinese origin, we Europeans have much to learn yet of Chinese literary art.

I fear I've expressed myself poorly, but barrack life is not conducive to elegance, nevertheless I trust you will understand from this letter how much I have enjoyed these two Magazines and that I am duly grateful to you for the pleasure you have given me. Let me hope you will command success as fully as you deserve it.

Believe me, Dear Sir,
Yours faithfully,
PERCY HIPWELL.

We appreciate this letter from a friend whom we have never met, and who has seen but two copies of the Magazine. It is a real satisfaction to be able to state that "Choonyang" as now appearing is a translation of a famous Korean story, and the only thing about it which is not Korean is the inevitable phraseology from which a foreigner cannot wholly escape in making translations. We concur in the statement which indicates that all of us have yet much to learn of Korean literary art.—THE EDITORS.

CHART SHOWING SCHOOL SYSTEM OF CHOSEN

With the statistics of the Government and recognized schools, 1917

20	Special Schools	*1 Agricultural Schools 15 Commercial " 2 Technical or Industrial Schools 1
19	Government 3 (Law, Med, Tech.) Private 2 (Seoul)	†2 Agricultural Schools 60 Commercial " 7 Industrial " 7 Fishery " 2
18	Students 603	
17	Course 3 or 4 years	Normal (Boys) Pupils 47 1 year
16	Normal (Girls) Pupils 33 1 year	
15	Higher Common Schools.	
15	Government 3 (Keijyo-Heijyo-Taikyu)	Practical Schools
15	Private 6 (Keijyo 3-Kaijyo-Kanko-Torai)	Public 18
13	Pupils 1764	Private 1
13	Course 4 years	Pupils 1833 *1
12		
12		Elementary Industrial Schools
11	Common Schools.	Public 76
10	Government and Public 441	Private 2
10	Private 31	Pupils 1806
9	Pupils 73,575	†2
9	Course 4 years.	
8		

In addition to the schools on the chart there are 900 Private Schools, mostly common schools, with 54,000 pupils. Almost all the Mission Schools are included in this division. There are 23,000 Kulpangs (old-fashioned schools where chanting Chinese in unison is the chief exercise) with 230,000 pupils.

For the Japanese there are 3 Middle Schools (Boys' High Schools) with 1,161 pupils, 10 Girls' High Schools with 1,471 pupils, 2 Commercial Schools with 511 pupils, 4 Lower Commercial Schools with 161 pupils, and 347 Primary Schools with 35,173 pupils. Japanese are also admitted with Koreans into the Medical and Technical Colleges, into 2 Public Agricultural Schools, 1 Industrial School, and 1 Private Commercial School. They may also enter the Keijyo Private College.

F. H. SMITH.

CHOON YANG.

(Continued from the *March* number.)

XVII.

BEFORE THE BUDDHA.

Now that the Commissioner had disclosed himself thus to Halfwit, he took him with him to a neighbouring monastery, which was called the Temple of a Thousand Blessings. It was to this same temple that Choonyang's mother had come, years ago, in her desire for a child. She had made no end of contributions, rice fields and the like, and had asked earnest prayers, so that in the course of time Choonyang was born. Now again that Choonyang had fallen under the bastinado, and was nearing death's border-line, she had engaged all the priests to offer sacrifice in the main temple and to pray to the Buddha. Thus they were rigged out in all their paint and feathers. Some were braided, some had on headcaps; some wore cassocks; some held gongs, some cymbals, some gong-bells; some wooden rattleclaps, while little boys held drums and red-wood drums ticks.

The drums went, "*Too-ree toong-toong!*" the cymbals "*kwang-kwang;*" the wooden rattle claps "*do-doo-rak,*" "*do-doo-rack;*" the gong-bells "*chal-chal;*" the gongs "*jang-jang;*" the pipes "*chew-roo-roo.*"

The prayer was: "O, Amida Buddha! O, Buddha who rulest in the four quarters of Nirvana with its endless heights and illimitable distances: Have mercy, O, Amida Buddha! O, *Sokka Yurai! O, Merciful Buddha! O, Saviour Buddha! O, †*Posal* of the Earth, and thou five hundred *Nahans*, and you guardian of the eight regions of the gods, hear our prayers in behalf of the unfortunate Choonyang, whose family name is Song, who was born in the year †*Imja*, in the village of the Descent of the Fairies, in Namwon county, east Chulla, in

*Sokka Yurai. The highest title of the Buddha, meaning without origin or end.

†*Posal*. A Buddhist divinity one step below the great Divinity.

†*Imja*. This is one of the names of the years of the cycle, of which there are sixty. *Imja* might mean 1552, 1612, 1672, etc. *Eu!chook* is another of the names that make up the sixty.

the Kingdom of Chosen. She is now in prison, and her frail life hangs by a thread, under the awful menace of the paddle. Cause thou that Yee Dream-Dragon, who lives in Seoul, in Three Stream Town, come south to Chulla as governor, or secret Commissioner of His Majesty, so that she may not die. This is our prayer."

While the pipes went,

"*Chew-roo-roo!*"

The cymbals,

"*Kwang-kwang!*"

The drums,

"*Soo-ree toong-toong!*"

The rattle-claps,

"*Do-doo-rak!*"

With their wide-sleeved coats the priests waved their arms, and beat a tattoo this way and that, like the fluttering moths of the summer time, moving back and forth in Buddhist order.

The Commissioner beheld it all in wonder.

"I thought it was by virtue of my ancestors," said he, "that I am coming south in this capacity, but I find that it is due to the Buddha."

On the following day he called the priests together, presented them with a thousand *yang*, then hurriedly wrote a letter and gave it to Halfwit, saying, "I shall wait here for a time. Take the letter and give it to the captain of the guard at Oonbong. He'll give you something for it in return, so deliver it carefully, and wait for me tomorrow morning."

"Yes, sir," answered Halfwit.

He took it and went with all speed to Captain Oonbong. Oonbong read it and then suddenly called a soldier saying, "Lock this chap up in prison, will you. See that he's well fed and cared for, and await my order."

"Yes, sir," said the soldier, and so they locked up Halfwit.

XVIII.

THE BLIND SORCERER.

When the Commissioner had despatched Halfwit to Oonbong he made all haste to leave. At this same time Choonyang

had fallen asleep and had a dream. She dreamt that the apricot and plum blossoms before the window had fallen; that the looking glass that she used to dress by had been broken in two; that a scarecrow image was hanging over the door; and that the crows outside on the wall were calling "*ga-ook, ga-ook, ga-ook.*"

She sat now wondering whether it were a bad or good-omened dream, her thoughts troubling her. At this moment she heard going by the prison the blind sorcerer Haw, who read prayers and cast horoscopes for the town folk, so she summoned the keeper and asked him to call fortune-teller Haw to her.

He came in forthwith and sat down.

"Please excuse my not calling and making inquiry for you before," said the blind man. "You have had a hard time under the rod. Let me massage you, will you? Though I cannot see, yet my fingers are medicinal fingers. I can dispel pain from the body as one would scatter a thousand troops. Let me see. Let me see."

He began in a rude and immodest way to handle her, but she, instead of pushing him off with a stroke of the hand, being anxious to get his interpretation of her dream, influenced him thus: "Blind Master, I want to tell you something. My mother has always said to me that Master Haw, who lives outside the West Gate, although blind, is really at heart a gentleman; that his behaviour is always of the highest order; and that everybody speaks well of him. 'When you were a little girl,' said she to me, 'he frequently saw you, and used to take you on his knee like a father, saying 'My little daughter, My little daughter!' He would shake you and pat your cheek.'" I often wished after growing up to go and see you. It is as if it were but yesterday that I heard all these good things."

The fortune-teller, hearing this, changed his touch to the gentlest, kindest and most reserved.

"Yes, that's so, but what wretch ever beat you thus?"

"The beater 'Big-bell' did it," said Choonyang.

"He is a brute," said Haw. "If he calls me to read prayers for him at the month end, I'll set him a day that will play havoc with his full stomach. But what was your dream?"

When Choonyang told all her dream, Haw cast lots with his silver mounted divining-box. He put in the dice, held it high in the air, and then called out his prayer thus:

"Heaven do you say nothing? and Earth do you say nothing too? And yet you will be moved to give me what I ask, I know. For a good man's virtue is one with Heaven and Earth, and its glory is like the Sun and Moon, and its comeliness is like the order of the Four Seasons, and its luck is like that of the gods. In this year *Eulhook*, in the 5th moon on the 20th day, in the land of Chosen, in East Chulla province, in the county of Namwon, in the township of Phoenix-bamboo, in the village of the Descent of the Fairies, we make our petition. There was born in the year *Imja*, one whose family name is Song, and whose given name is Choonyang. She is just now locked up in prison and has suffered pain for many days. Tell when she will be set free, I pray; when she will meet Yee Dream-Dragon, of Three Streams in Seoul, and what her fortune will be. As you revealed secrets to the ancients so now reveal this to me."

He compared the dice and gave a great laugh, "A good throw indeed! The 'official-devil' meets a 'blank.' When the 'official-devil' meets a 'blank' it means that the case is off. You'll be free to-day or tomorrow. Next, the 'green-dragon,' the 'official devil,' and the 'posthorse!' Ha, ha! That means official promotion. Sure! We have here the highest official office in the land. The 'tiger' comes forth in the night from 'Inwang Mountain' and crosses the 'Han River.' He's coming; my casts are casts of the gods. You'll see. Tie a knot on your apron string and lay a wager."

Choonyang replied, "Your words alone give me courage, now tell me my dream."

Haw made answer, "I'll do so. The *falling blossoms* indicate that the time of fruit has come. The *broken glass* indicates a sound, a report, a ringing noise. The *scare-crow* over the door means that all the people will look up to see as they pass by; and the crow on the prison wall who went '*ga-ook, ga-ook, ga-ook*' means the *Ga* of Beautiful, and the *Ook* of Mansion. You are to meet with great fortune. When you meet a gentle-

man at the 5th watch of the night there will be no end of gladness this *kapin* day. At the tenth hour of *pyongjin* day, you will ride in a gorgeous palanquin, and if you don't, may I die and be confounded. Be not afraid."

"If it comes thus as you say," said Choonyang, "I'll surely reward you."

"I say," said the blind Master, "there are lots of folks, now-a-days, wearing headcaps of rank, even though they have no rank. Give me a headcap will you. It will all come about in a day or so. Mind I tell you."

He said good-bye and left.

XIX.

AT THE HAND OF FARMERS.

At this time the Commissioner, thinking of Choonyang, made all the speed he could, his heart in a state of trepidation. The time of year was when the farmers were out transplanting their rice seedlings. People in hundreds were busy in the fields, in reed hats and grass rain-coats, making their plantings. While they worked they sang so that the hills re-echoed:

"Too-ree toong-toong, kwang, sang-sa twee-o."

"To start schools, and learn the sacred teachings, is the calling of the Superior Man,

"Oh yo-yo sang-sa twee-o;

"To live luxuriously in the mansions of the blessed, is the fortune of high ministers of state.

"Oh yo-yo sang-sa twee-o;

"To go horse-back riding and cock-fighting in the flowery hills is the delightful calling of the sportive youth,

"Oh yo-yo sang-sa twee-o;

"There are lots of callings in the world of the gentry, but we poor farmers only work, and eat, and drink, and sleep,

"Oh yo-yo sang-sa twee-o;

"Listen to me you lads. Let's go abroad in ships upon the big blue sea, travel far and view the world, learn this and that, and prove ourselves first dwellers in the land,

"Oh yo-yo sang-sa twee-o.

One farmer would pipe out in a loud voice the leading couplet, while others came in on the chorus.

"Oh yo-yo sang-sa twee-o ;

"The Superior Man puts away the drinkings and immoralities of the world, and with high and noble purpose meets his fellow ; treats him honestly and well in all his acts and words.

This is the manner of the Superior Man,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"To ride on a fine horse, with a wide and liberal spirit inside of one, and a mind stored with the sacred teachings of the Sages, and to shake the world with skill and knowledge, this is the part of the Superior Man,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"He who gathers the young under his kindly sway, and sees that they are taught the sacred writings, assisting each in the direction of his particular talent, and aiding them to become strong and good men, does the part of the Superior Man,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"Not sparing his thousands of gold, but giving liberally to aid all sections of society ; with Heaven's love of life and prosperity emanating from him, so that he becomes a living Buddha, this is the work of the Superior Man,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"Looking into the ways and means of government, so as to help the poor ; keeping the national treasury well filled so that the merchants' prices may rise and fall at pleasure, this too is the calling of the Superior Man ;

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"He who in his dealings with public affairs, when he finds a difficulty, never retreats, but moves forward so that with due patience and gentleness, all come right, he is the Superior Man,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"We are singing now of the Superior Man whose thought

is deep, and who in heart out distances the world.
We are borne down by the thought of him and our
throats are dry,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o ;

"From the icy caverns, where the cold streams run cease-
lessly, drink deep, and then work as no man on earth
ever worked before,

"Oh lol-lol sang-sa twee-o."

After a season spent thus at transplanting, they all came out of the paddy field to have a taste of native whiskey. At one side of the crock stood a farmer who had his hoe over his shoulder, and a straw umbrella hat on his head. His grass rain-coat was stuffed through his belt, and he stood before a brazier warming his hands. He took from his dog skin tobacco pouch some tobacco, emptied it into his left hand, wet it with his breath, spat on it, ground it fine with his thumb, and then drew his pipe from under his top-knot where it had been transfixed, filled it and took a long deep puff from the ash fire, drawing with a bellows strength.

The Commissioner watched him from the side.

"Ha, ha," said he, "he's a strong mouthed chap yon."

The farmer looked up at him and said, "Now that they say that there's a Secret Commissioner abroad, such creatures as this one are all about us, on the go."

The Commissioner then ventured to inquire, "Say, friend, what about your governor's conduct, anyway?"

The farmer laughed. "This fellow makes pretence that he is a Commissioner, and inquires for the governor's acts. How does he do his work? Why he eats well, and drinks well, and hoes well, and spades well, and even rakes well. Nobody does better than he, and to-morrow after a big feast that is to be held in the *yamen*, he is going to beat to death an honest woman by the name of Choonyang. This rascal is only going to kill her, that's all; but he'll ride out yet one of these days on a hangman's chair."

"Look here Myongsamee!"

"Well?"

"Did you see that round-robin?"

"I saw it."

"There were a thousand names from our forty-eight townships alone written on it weren't there?"

"Shut up, don't talk like that."

The Commissioner pretended that he did not know what they said.

"Look here," said he, "did this Choonyang really go off with another man and disobey what the governor said?"

The farmer suddenly glared fierce anger at him, shut his two fists and like a wild tiger sprang forward and gave him a fierce blow across the cheek. "You low born runt you, will you dare to accuse a good woman like Choonyang, and dishonor her name? Have you seen it? Have you heard it? If you have seen it, then out with your eyes; or if you have heard it off with your ears. Tell the truth now."

Then he gave him another blow.

"Say you there (speaking to a comrade) bring that shovel here, and we'll dig a hole and bury this creature." He gave him such a wrench by the scruff of the neck that Dream-Dragon thought his last hour had come.

"Please," said he, "don't kill me. I did wrong. You know it is a saying that men born of the military class make slips of the tongue. I did not know and so said what I ought not to have said. Please pardon me."

Then an old farmer came out and said, "There now, that will do. Let him alone. He is young and has no sense. Let him go. I tell you."

At which all the farmers raised a laugh.

"If you say such things again," said they, "you are a dead man. Mind what we tell you, now go."

Dream-Dragon, scared almost out of his wits, was glad to leave.

"All you farmer gentlemen, fare ye well and rest in peace."

He said his good bye thus and took his departure.

To be Continued.

BLAZING THE TRAIL.

(Continued from the *March* Number.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARY AND ANNIE.

Again Pine Tree Knob was in the grip of mid-winter when a courier from the city of Pyeng-yang penetrated that mountain fastness and announced to the people that at a certain time a training class would be held in a great city to the south exclusively for women. The news stirred the town greatly.

"If this foolishness continues," said the people, "there will be schools organized for women in Korea, then what will become of the long honored custom of exclusion of women? No, sir, no women should go, they are stubborn enough as it is. If they take to learning, what man will be able to manage his wife?"

Martha held a long consultation with Mary and Annie and as a result they secured the consent of their husbands to attend the class provided they kept the roads often frequented by Christians and stopped at such places as Christians were well known. They had never visited the great city and little realized how great was the distance, or how fierce was the cold of mid-winter. They greeted the privilege with delight. Three hundred miles walk in the dead of winter, but what of that if they could only learn of Him?

"Think of it," they said, "ten days given up to the study of Him who had brought so much peace into their homes," and added in a burst of wonder, "A class for women!"

"What will you do with the baby?" asked Annie when their plans had been talked over for the hundredth time.

"Take her," Mary replied.

"Of course," Annie said, going to the door and looking into the frost-filled air. "We will take turns in carrying her. Dear little mite, a year old to-day," she added, turning and placing her head close to the baby's wee face where it was held tight to its mother's back by a broad band that covered

it down to its tiny, restless feet. "You will have her baptized while we are there, won't you? and then she will have a name. How good it is to hear you call me, Annie! It is so different from being called, 'a thing,' or, 'the-inside-of-Min's-house.' How wonderful it is Mary that Christ died for women too. And, Mary, do you hear, Mary? we may be respected because we are His daughters!"

While Annie rattled on and talked gleefully of their intended trip, Mary was busy getting ready the little bundle for herself and baby. She laid away a clean white skirt and also a pretty hood for the baby. In the great city people are careful about their dress and one must look well. The Bible, hymn book, a pad of paper, and a curious foreign-made pencil were placed in the bundle last. The pad was then taken out and fondled affectionately. On its white pages she would write the wonderful story of the Christ. Her eyes grew moist as she held the treasure. She recalled how her husband had bought it of a Chinese in a market a hundred li to the south. She giggled aloud when she remembered how her husband had handed it to her and called her pretty. Until the day of her marriage she had never seen him, and with what terror she had become his wife! but that was five years ago; now she was glad. He had thought of her when he bought the tablet, and had handed the bundle to her with a bright face and kind words.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Annie.

"See the baby smile," she replied and laughed again contentedly, and Annie joined in the laugh.

The next day Annie, and Mary with her baby strapped to her back, were on their way down the mountain. How fierce and pitiless was the cold!

"Have you your tablet and pencil?" asked Mary as they journeyed.

"Yes," Annie replied apologetically. "You learned so easily under Martha's teaching, while I have learned to write but one word. I can write the word Jesus, and tell it wherever I see it. I thought I would take the tablet and may be some one would write something on it for me."

They soon passed from the fiord leading from their mountain home and faced southward into the world they had never seen before. Many were the curious glances turned upon the two women. They generally passed the plain face of the elder and rested upon the one blooming with youth and animation. She carried upon her back a bundle that refused to be quiet and filled its mother with pride, making her buoyant and her step elastic. The wind was at their backs, but how it blistered the exposed parts of their faces whenever they met strangers and were compelled, from a sense of modesty, to turn their backs upon them and face the north.

"Where are you going?" was constantly asked at the inns.

"We are going to find the Christ," would be the reply.

"Where is he?" an old man asked.

Annie looked at the questioner, at the sky, the snow covered mountains and replied, "Everywhere."

The old man gazed at Annie with a mystified look and muttered softly to himself, "Women are strange creatures."

The north wind blew steadily and the trees by the way seemed to snap and burst in the mighty grip of the frost. Mary slipped the body from her back, and opening her clothing, placed it next to her warm body. On the third day from home the two women replaced their sandals with new ones, but their cotton padded socks were worn through, and in the inn that night, Mary rolled on the floor in an agony of pain as her frosted feet slowly thawed out. They tore their head band in two and bound up their frosted feet and the next day limped on. When Sunday came they rested and Mary read aloud from her new red covered Bible. She read, "Take up your cross daily and follow me."

"Stop," said Annie, "what is that?"

"I don't know," replied Mary.

"I know, it is suffering for Him. Are we doing that, Mary?" Annie said glancing down at her frost bitten feet.

"I don't know," said Mary, "but I think we are doing this for ourselves. I have read that, 'His yoke is easy and His burden is light.' We will ask the teachers, they know every thing."

On a certain evening when Mary and Annie sought the shelter of an inn they were startled by the presence of a dark face at the compound gate keenly scrutinizing them as they entered. The man was small and his face was burned and tanned by the winter wind to a dark brown and his black eyes sparkled with a disquieting eagerness. He appeared to be worn and thin from want and exposure. The two women passed to the inner court and stood a moment at the open door of the women's quarters while their hostess spread fresh mats on the floor. They overheard the voice of the stranger asking for shelter. He was telling how that he had money at home but had been unfortunate on the way and was reduced to beggary. But if the innkeeper would grant him food and shelter for the night, he would, on his return home, immediately dispatch a courier back on his path and settle all bills. The innkeeper asked many questions. Some of them were embarrassing. "Why was he traveling north when his home was in the south?" The stranger answered readily that he had lost members of his family and was searching for them. The innkeeper looked out upon the white road and flying frost, then down at the miserably clad man, and with a half discourteous grunt that meant that he did not believe a word of it, opened the door for the wanderer.

Only a thin paper partition separated the room occupied by Mary and Annie from that of the male guests. A paper covered door with an ill fitting frame led into the opposite apartment. The loud voices of men could as easily be heard as if they were in the same room, while the smoke from their pipes poured through the cracks of the ill fitting door.

Unselfish Annie had persuaded Mary to lie down on the mat covering the warmest part of the floor. The arrangements placed herself nearest the wall of the adjoining room. Long after the inn had become quiet for the night, she lay awake, her mind plagued by the face of the stranger who plead poverty at the inn door. At last she fell asleep and was dreaming of her travels over the frozen road with the chilling wind upon her, and the dear voices of Mary and the baby in her ears. Suddenly she was awakened by a voice that seem-

ed to arise from beneath the floor. It was a subdued murmur of a man's voice, held and guarded for fear of reaching other ears, yet intense and impassioned carrying with it a world of yearning. Tears filled the eyes of Annie for the pathos of it. For a moment the voice slipped the leash of caution.

"Dear Lord," it said, "In the voice of this babe I hear their cry. How cruel is the frost! Are they sheltered, oh, my Master?"

The heart of Annie went out to the stranger. She crept closer to the partition and when the murmurings ceased, she tapped lightly on the thin wall and whispered,

"Stranger do you believe in the Christ?"

The pause that followed was so long that Annie began to regret her boldness, when finally the reply came in a low voice.

"I, of all sinners, have been the most vile."

"But the work of Christ is to pardon," said Annie.

"I know," came the low reply, "else had I not been here."

"You are then a beggar because you became a Christian," observed Annie.

"True," was the reply, "still I am paying a debt of crime. Pardon is mine, but I still reap a dreadful harvest from past sowing."

"You pronounced a name which I like well; it awoke me from sleep. My name is also Martha; whom did you call?"

She could hear the man start and catch his breath.

"So you were baptized too," he said after a long pause, "but her voice, the voice of Martha, was soft and sweet. "Pardon me for burdening you with my troubles and keeping you from your needed rest, but it is a comfort to meet one who knows my Master. As I came into the inn a young woman passed me carrying a babe on her back. She reminded me of my Martha and her bright laughter and I could not sleep."

"Sweet," Annie replied somewhat irrelevantly, "sure no one ever called my voice sweet, but who was your Martha?"

"I lost her and the baby."

"Lost her, how?"

"Threw her away."

"You must have been a fool, threw her away?"

"I have searched everywhere for her in heat and cold over mountains and across plains for hundreds of li to the East where her parents last lived. I have searched hundreds of homes of the rich and the poor—they are lost." Again he made a long pause, then added, eagerly, "Does the baby belong to you, and is it pretty?"

Annie looked a long time at the crack of the door before she replied. "Do you believe?" she asked.

"I have a Bible and hymn book," he replied, and she heard him fumble the leaves.

Annie carried the candle to the door and opened a tiny crack. He understood and handed his Bible and hymn book through the door. She could not read but the bindings and shape of the books were familiar and they made a companion of the stranger. "They are Christian books," she said, "and it is well." Then she started and held the open Bible to the light, hastily brushed her hand across the page, looked again with the leaf close to her face, and endeavored to separate one page from the other in places where they were stuck fast together.

"What is it," she whispered excitedly, "What are the stains? Why, it is red blood, it is surely blood!"

"Stains of blood sacrifice," he replied through the close fastened door.

"Whose blood?" she demanded.

"The blood of Martha," he replied in a hoarse whisper. "She bled for the faith and became an angel, and I became a fiend. The shedding of innocent blood will open both heaven and hell. I may be able some day to tell you the long story. You are looking upon the stain of blood sacrifice. I am hunting the world through that I may find her and ask forgiveness. I have thought that maybe with God's pardon and also with the forgiveness of Martha there would be peace: nay, but why should I prattle of peace that has long since gone."

Annie did not understand "blood sacrifice." She had heard the term used in connection with an ancient rite of the Church. Perhaps after all it was only some strange allegory. No, for

here were the real blood stains, and she touched them again wonderingly. She was so long engaged in these meditations that he again addressed her :

"Did you say the baby was pretty?" The eagerness of his voice did not escape her.

"Wait," said she, and unbolting the door passed the books to the hands of the stranger. She quietly crossed the room and picked up the sleeping child and presented her to the partially opened door. "See," said she, "is she not pretty?"

He stretched out his hands, took the baby in his arms, and scanned its face eagerly while his hands shook with emotion.

"Hush," cautioned Annie, "you may wake its mother. It is a terrible thing for a mother to wake and not find her babe. She loves it and loves her husband too as she loves her life."

"That is woman's way," he replied, still looking earnestly into the face of the sleeping child. "Yes, she is pretty, but not so pretty as the baby of Martha."

"Hush," she warned again, glancing across the room at Mary. "She is pretty, beautiful, and her voice," she added severely, "is sweet too whenever she laughs or cries."

"Yes, yes," said the man hastily, "no doubt when she opens her eyes, no doubt, no doubt."

"Tell me," said Annie with a severe tone in her voice, "Why do you sob and pray for Martha and her baby, why do your hands tremble when you touch Mary's baby? Men do not usually act in that way."

He raised his gaunt face to hers and in the dull light of the candle it appeared strangely pinched and thin from want and suffering. "She is my wife," he said simply, "and I will find her," he added with a dauntless look coming into his thin face.

"If you were not a Christian I would tell you nothing though you cried your eyes out. To be a Christian is to be all. I may be able to gladden your heart with news for which you have labored so much. Are we not members of the same family?" she continued with exasperating delay, while his eyes sparkled with a deepening fire.

"Speak, woman, speak! What have you to say?" His words came quick, imperious.

"They call me Annie sometimes to avoid confusion but I was baptized Martha," she said in her slow guarded whisper. "I chose this name because it was worn by the most beautiful woman I ever saw. She is good and true as she is beautiful and she has a baby too."

"Where, where?" cried the stranger excitedly.

Annie seized the child, bolted the door and ran with the babe to Mary's side. The latter had been awakened by the stranger's unguarded cry, and was looking with a startled parting of the lips at Annie. Sleepers on the other side of the partition were also stirring, but the stranger was too excited to notice his fellow guests. "Tell me," he called through the closed door, "Where is she? Where do they live?"

Annie was in a panic, she had raised the inn, and hastened to reply to hide so scandalous a thing. "Pine Tree Knob," said she, "three hundred li to the north."

"I know, I know," he called back, and there were hasty movements as one preparing to leave. Presently the outer door opened and to the astonishment of his fellow guests Mr. Cho stepped out into the cold night.

"Thank you," he called, "God sent you to me. Ah-a-a, I will find her."

Annie listened in dismay to the sound of his footsteps as he moved off into the bitter cold. "To think," said Annie to Mary, "I may have sent him out to his death, to freeze by the way."

Mary and Annie had been in the class for two days. Mary had not written a word on her tablet, and Annie had written the only one she knew. That night they discussed the matter over and over again.

"The Church is such a great place full of echoes, and they talk so fast, I can not even begin to write," said Mary.

"It is all right when you just try to listen," said Annie.

The next day Mary listened and the following night she took down her tablet and wrote nearly all night. She wrote till the light filled the east, then caressed the closely written pages before seeking the warm mat by the side of her pink

cheeked baby. After that she listened days, and nights wrote with feverish anxiety for fear of losing a word of the wonderful story.

"I must take it all back to my husband and to the women of the north," she said, "and my baby must learn too, bye and bye."

The class ended and the two women prepared to return to their mountain home. Their frost-bitten feet and faces had healed and the baby never seemed so plump and happy. She had laughed the class through to the despair of the teachers and many of Mary's classmates, but Mary did not know that. The baby was happy and she was more than happy.

They turned their faces into the bitter north wind. It had been rough coming, how much more so returning, and each day they longed for the end of the journey and the warm rooms of their own homes. Under shelter at night they rehearsed all they had seen and heard.

"How short the time seemed," said Mary.

"Yes," said Annie, "but when one stops to think it over it seems like years; at times it seems almost to have driven the memory of all the past from my mind."

The fourth day out the baby became fretful and began to cough. Three days she was ill, indeed, and at the inn, Mary no longer consulted her tablet, and Annie, fearing ill results from the neglect, stowed the precious paper in her own bundle.

The last night of the journey, Mary placed the baby on the hottest spot on the inn floor and hovered over her with fear-filled eyes. Late the next afternoon they were hastening up the long fiord of their mountain home. Mary, having said nothing all day, now hastened her steps till her breath came in short sharp gasps, and Annie almost ran to keep at her heels. Suddenly Mary paused:

"Annie, Annie, Oh, Annie!" she cried, with terror-filled voice.

"Yes," Annie gasped with sudden apprehension and shrank away from her companion in fear of the presence of the King of Terrors, and dropped behind several paces. Mary

noticed the act and the muscles of her face grew suddenly tense and a hard look came into her eyes. Presently Annie pushed forward and touched her arm.

"I believe in the Christ, Mary, and am not afraid. You are so tired, let me take it. I will place it close to my own body, and I will warm it though it be many times cold."

"It is mine," Mary said, her face softening and tears filling her eyes, "though I thank you, I will carry it."

The way was rough and Mary had carried the burden a long time; slipping, she fell and would have lain by the way-side from exhaustion. Then Annie opened her garments and placed the tiny body next her own warm one.

When they reached Mary's home it was closed. Her husband had gone to a distant market, and would not return for some days. The two women entered with their silent burden. They built a fire under the floor; and through the night, the neighbors listened wonderingly at the stifled sounds of moaning that crept out into the wind-swept street past Mary's house.

At last the light of dawn crept over the mountain peaks and through Mary's paper windows; she was kneeling by the side of the little body wringing her hands.

"Oh dear, dear, dear," she wailed, "I went to find the Christ, and I lost my baby."

Annie opened the door and looked out, "Glorious!" she cried.

"What is glorious?" asked Mary.

"It fills the heaven and floods the world, Mary."

"What floods the world, Annie?"

For answer Annie swung the door wide open and the rising sun poured upon Mary and her baby at her knees.

"The glory of the Christ fills the land like the sun, Mary, and it fills my soul," cried Annie.

The drawn look of suffering on Mary's face softened and the tears fell freely.

"They baptized her Lucy," she murmured, "she was so sweet, so different from any other baby, and I wanted her so." After a pause she added, "He has taken her. What did you write on your tablet, Annie?"

"Jesus," Annie replied.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A WANDERER.

Mr. Cho raced out into the bitter cold night with little thought of its peril, obsessed with the idea that he was only three hundred li from Martha and would not stop till he had found her and the baby. On he ran, the keen wind cutting his face, till exhaustion compelled him to pause. He looked out across the fields and up to the towering mountains beyond where millions of sparkling diamonds reflected the moonlight. The wind had sunk into silence and not a sound save his own hard breathing could he hear; the sentinel-like mountain peaks pierced the icy sky, and the dark projections of grotesquely formed boulders frowned down from the snow whiteness. There were no trees to cover the nakedness of the plain and mountain; and he stood alone in a vast waste of death. The cold pierced his clothing and cut his face like a knife, while frost gathered on his beard and eyebrows. As soon as he could regain his breath he again pushed forward. Martha's face beckoned him, the pleading look last seen when he drove her from the door was ever in the path before him. He was weak from long journeyings and recent illness and lack of food. There was a curious singing in his ears. He thought it was Martha's voice in song and he stopped to listen; or, was it the baby crying, crying for him? He pictured Martha in his home as he had seen her, warmly housed: he would soon be there and sit with her and the baby on the soft cushioned floor: he would watch the lamp light flicker over her sweet face, and then they would get down on their knees and thank God together.

The snow under his feet gave out a harsh crunching sound, and he stopped to listen. It irritated him as wholly inharmonious with the silence and the pleasant picture he had painted; he would not allow the fretful complaining snow beneath his feet to defeat him in this race. He would find Martha and find warmth and comfort though the cold did take on a voice of menace.

Just as the moon settling to the horizon filled the way of

Mr. Cho with enormous shadows a glow in the east announced the miracle of a new day, the sun arose turning the frosted world into dazzling brilliancy and its rays warmed the road of the wanderer.

Mr. Cho passed an inn and some one gave him a morsel of food, but he was not aware of the friendly act; he was obsessed with the one idea that he must find his lost wife and make restitution. Hunger and fatigue were the background of his sufferings, its intensity relieved by a moment's rest or a bit of food caused no expression of gratitude as it was so infinitely trivial to what seemed to be the world problem that rested upon his shoulders. Once Mr. Cho had been a coward but now suffering and a great resolve had driven fear from his soul.

But long journeys, exposure and cold were too much for him. As the winter's sun warmed the way his mind took on strange fantasies. He sought for his wife and their babe in every nook and when he reached a bend in the road he would hasten to get a view beyond with the expectation of seeing them.

Many months thereafter strange tales were told of a small dark man searching the towns of the great highway for a lost woman and her baby. He searched the compounds of the rich and poor alike and when forcibly ejected he often assumed the necessity of a second search. People listened to his story as they would to the tales of the demented. News preceded him from village to village and they feared his arrival and were glad when his thin face and piercing eyes turned from their town.

When the sun began to sink low in the west and the frosty air again bit through his clothing, Mr. Cho found a seat on the steps leading into an inn. He was muttering imprecations against Bali and a certain preacher who had stolen his wife and child. The inn keeper attracted by the voice outside his door stepped out and looked down upon the wanderer. "Curse you, Bali, and your black arts," said Mr. Cho looking up unsteadily into the face of the man above him, then he waved his hand as would a posturing dancing girl and sang "Happy Day."

"Happy Day," repeated the inn keeper, "Hey, in there," he called, "come out and look at this Happy Day." The inn emptied itself into the street and a curious crowd gathered around Mr. Cho. "Crazy," said some, "sick," said others. "Sick people die," said the inn keeper. "He is on your doorstep," said a neighbor, "he is your man."

"Not on your life," fairly should that gentleman. "I didn't invite him here. Sick in my house, die in my house? Never." The commotion called people from neighboring houses. "This is the affair of the town," declared the inn keeper. "Not this town but the next," some one shouted. "Ah, the next town," was the unanimous vote.

Two young men were persuaded to prepare a stretcher of an old mat, and rolling Mr. Cho upon it they bore him away, while Mr. Cho sang snatches of Christian hymns. "Peace, perfect peace," he repeated over and over, and ended with "Halleluiah, Amen."

"Must have learned English," commented one of his bearers. "Wonder if it is catching," asked the other. "What, English?" "No, his sickness." "Very likely it is," consoled the other, "and doubtless we shall die of it."

On reaching the outskirts of the next village the bearers laid their burden down while one went forward to reconnoiter, As it was growing dark and no one was seen moving about the street they carried their load to the center of the town which was simply a thin line of houses stretched out on both sides of the road. They left Mr. Cho on the litter and placed his bundle of books and sandals under his head, then they crept from the town.

A dog set up a cry and other curs of the village took up the call. So vigorous and persistent were they that doors were swung open and heads peeped out to see the cause of the commotion. Mr. Cho began to sing "Happy Day" again in a voice filled with many croaks and squalls. Soon he was surrounded with a group of jabbering curious people and barking dogs. A light was brought and held down close to the face of the sick man.

"That is right," said Mr. Cho, "bring a light that I may see the face of Martha and the baby,—that is right."

"Raving crazy," some one said.

The villagers withdrew to the only inn of the town and held a consultation. They concluded to carry him to the next village. They would carry him down the mountain rather than up; while it would be a little further, yet it would be easier. They persuaded a young gigantic fellow to take the sick man on his back. While this discussion was in progress a little girl on her way home from the farther end of the village passed the sick man and heard him repeating, "Happy Day." She ran as fast as her legs would carry her and called up her father.

"A sick man," she called, "is lying out on the street singing "Happy Day."

The father followed his daughter back to where lay the unfortunate and arrived just as the huge youth was preparing to get the sick man on his back. "Wait a moment," said the newcomer. In the light of a paper lantern, he examined Mr. Cho's face attentively. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Who am I? I am the baby's father," said Mr. Cho, trying to raise himself on his elbow and looking unsteadily into the face of his questioner. When he lay back, his head did not rest on the bundle, and the stranger stooped and took it up. The villagers were glad enough that anyone took interest in the sick man; glad that anyone would volunteer any responsibility that would relieve them. The stranger took out the Bible and Hymn Book and looked them over carefully.

He bent gently over Mr. Cho who had again begun to sing "Happy Day." "Are you a Christian?" he asked.

"Yes, she is that," said Mr. Cho, "she is a Christian, so is Bali, but I can't find her. I think I put her in the little red book. You will find her in Mark's Gospel, Mary and Martha, you know." Then he sat up and looked the stranger in the face and asked very solemnly, "Do you think she will forgive me?"

The stranger took the bundle in one hand and motioning to the young giant, lifted Mr. Cho to his feet and thus they car-

ried him to the stranger's house and placed the sick man on a warm floor in a small room.

"This sick man is a Christian," said the good Samaritan to the neighbors who crowded the door. "We Christians care for each other and for all people who are in distress." The people were content that it should be so.

The cold of winter was gone and the balmy air of spring had filled the world with the music of new life and every branch and twig was straining to put forth bud and leaf. Korea had shaken herself loose from the sleep of winter, and the denizens of hill and plain had poured forth to the year's joyous toil. The sun poured down upon the face of a brown thatched cottage on the outskirts of a small village and warmed a lonely, sharp visaged man who sat on a rough mat outside the door. The man was waiting for a reply to a message to the south land. He had spent his strength and needed money. In the past he had made his world suffer because of his greed for money which he really did not need, now he needed it much.

Mr. Cho's host had informed him with Asiatic ingenuousness that a wife driven from one's home would most likely after so long a period have found security with some other protector, for, indeed, how could she do otherwise. Mr. Cho had better, therefore, return homeward as that would be the direction toward peace. Once the doctrine of the fatalist would have brought to him the quietness of surrender and he would have struggled no more. But now his new faith knew no surrender till a great wrong should be righted, and back in the soul of him was an undying passion for the ones he had lost, a passion which at one time would have driven him to unmeasured excesses. Now it was an iron of resolve. He, therefore, waited for his messenger. He had figured out with the nicety of a mathematician just the points in the road where the man should be each day, and, with a sigh of regret, added one for each rainy day, but his skill in figures failed to measure the personal equation of the messenger, his indifference to haste or the many friends the messenger had along the route.

Mr. Cho had never been a model pupil of Confucius. The imperturbable calm of that cult had never entered his spirit, and his storm-tossed soul now raged within him. He looked westward through the warm sunshine upon a world swiftly covering its stark nakedness with green and the riotous colors of spring, but he saw nothing, nor heard the music of joyous life that echoed about him. His eyes were fixed upon the opening in a grove that lined the road, at a point where his messenger had disappeared weeks before. Then he lifted his eyes to the hills beyond, where they were dotted with a multitude of mounds. "Very fitting, and quite just should I lie there with that multitude," he murmured, "I have consigned others in times past to the yellow valley and the dark mound on the hill sides, why should I cherish hope?" he added in supreme scorn of self. His mind turned back in a remorseless review of his past. Step by step and in exquisite pain he slowly traveled the long way that led to the supreme act of crime when he aimed at the life of his wife. Then his new faith arose before him and the hard lines of his face softened. As he thus sat one hand rested upon the long staff on which he had leaned when attempting to walk and in the review of his past his hand had seized the staff till his fingers were blistered in the grip.

Presently voices came from the wood, familiar voices which set loose new sensations of pain. He raised his wounded fingers and looked at them in a detached way and his mind approved of the wounds. The voices mingled with the foot-fall of men emerging from the wood, yet Mr. Cho did not look up, his face whitened and his body stiffened while he still gazed at his wounded hand. Presently Pastor Kim, and Bali, stood before him. He raised his eyes in response to their hearty triumphant greetings, then moistening his lips said, "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

(To be Continued).

